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TO WALK IN HIS LOVING

An Autobiography of James R. Gordon

Edited by Nicholas R. M. Martin

Inner Light Ministries
P.O. Box 18296
Austin, Texas 78760-9998
(512) 280-3767

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Editor's Preface

Nicholas R. M. Martin
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Part I

MY EARLY YEARS

Chapter 1

Mother's First Mystical Experience

Before I was born, my mother said, she'd had three dreams. The first was two months before I was born, the second dream was two weeks before I was born, and the last dream was two days before I was born. In each dream she just heard this man's voice say, "Do not baptise him. Let him find his way, and let him choose the path, and he will find the baptism he wants." And so, my mother had to convince my father not have me baptised in a church. That was my mother's first mystical experience with me. So she said, "I knew you were going to be strange when I started having these dreams, but I knew I had to do it." And then she said when I was born on May 2nd, she knew 2-2-2 and then 2 – it was like, "It's just *too close!*"

I was born at the Nix Hospital on May 2nd, 1949, at 5:05 PM. My mom was originally from Bay City, Michigan, and my father was from Springfield, Illinois. My father was a manager for Sherwin Williams Paint company. When they opened up a new store in San Antonio, he came to Texas to manage it.

My parents first met on a blind date. My mother was a governess for a family outside of Chicago, and my father was living about 13 miles from there, and he used to walk over and visit her. They were married in 1934, and my older brother, Gene, was born in Chicago a year later. They hadn't really planned on me. I guess you could say I was a surprise.

So I was born. The doctor's name was Daniel Altgeldt. The nurse in attendance, who also took care of me in the nursery, was Nurse Helen Gordon. They were also the doctor and nurse in attendance at the birth of my two nieces and one nephew that were born here in San Antonio (the other nephew was born in Georgia).

Chapter 2

He'd Have to Term It "A Miracle"

One of my earliest memories is having polio when I was three years old. During that time, I remember very clearly having to drag my left foot and leg when I would walk because I was unable to move it or lift it in any way. I couldn't really walk on it, so I would just drag it along and walk that way. I don't know how exactly I did it now, but I did.

I remember going and getting therapy at the hospital, but it didn't seem to respond at all, and the doctors really didn't give much hope. Their prognosis was that I would be paralyzed in my left leg and that I would have some difficulties with it because it would tend to be shorter than the other leg, which was already happening, because as I was growing, my left leg really was not growing with me.

About a year after I came down with polio, one morning, early in the morning, I woke up because there was this bright light in the room. At the time, I was sleeping in the same room with my brother, but he didn't seem disturbed by the light or even aware of it at all. He just continued sleeping.

But the light seemed to fill the whole room intensely. As I looked, I began to see, in the middle of this bright light, a golden circle that was almost heart-shaped, and out of this golden circle or heart began to form the body of a man, who eventually was full-sized and standing before me.

I recognized him at that time to be Jesus, though he did not look like any of the paintings or drawings or anything that I had seen about what Jesus was supposed to look like, but I knew that this was who he was.

He came up to the foot of my bed. He reached out and took my left foot, and he said, "In another time, we were very close, and you were one I loved greatly, and you are one that I still love greatly. And so I come to you again as I did then, to take your foot and leg and to heal them and make them whole."

And with that, I felt my leg just snap, and it seemed to be like my right leg – just fine and normal. I wasn't emotional or anything. It didn't seem unusual. All I knew was that my leg was fine.

Then he said, "I love you and will be back yet again to share my love. Walk in my love, and walk to share that love with others so that all men may know the love of the Father for His child."

As he left, I was just elated. I felt wonderful. I was happier than I could ever remember being, and I got up, and I got dressed and ready for school. Then I found out it was a long time before I was even supposed to be waking up, so I went in to wake up my mother, saying that I was already awake and could she fix me breakfast.

She got up and went into the kitchen and got some stuff together – cereal or whatever – I really don't remember now. And when I walked out into the dining room to go into the kitchen, my mother saw me walking normal – not dragging my leg. And she screamed!

And she came running over to me, and she said, "Jim, what have you done?" as if I had done something wrong or something, and she checked my leg, and it was just normal.

It had grown out to the right length, the same length as my right leg, and I walked evenly. I could walk with it, and she was just amazed and was calling for my father and brother to come out and see.

Then I remember she called in and said she wouldn't be at work that day. And we were standing in the hallway at the doctor's office waiting for them to arrive so she could have the doctor look at me and see what had happened. They looked me over, checked me out real good, and the doctor said it was unbelievable – he would have to term it "a miracle," even though he had never seen one before, that my leg had straightened out and was in perfect health after having been crippled with polio for so long.

After a while it was just kind of overlooked and forgotten (by my family), but that was one of my first true experiences upon this planet in this body – this healing that did manifest for me.

From that point on I was always aware of a presence in the room when I would sleep. And I always knew that somehow there was a protection that was present for me, and that I did not need to be concerned

while I was sleeping. Often, when I would wake up in the middle of the night, I would feel and sense this presence, but I would also see a golden light (a golden-white light, really) radiating into the room – much the same kind of white and golden light radiation that I had seen when Jesus first appeared to me.

So I've always known that there was someone there – some presence there that was protecting, guiding, watching over me. And it made me feel very safe and very much a part of God and His role in my life.

Otherwise, my life was pretty much normal.

Chapter 3

Mrs. Green is Not Mrs. Green

When I was five, I came to know that I knew something different from everybody else. I'm sure that for all of my life I was always at least somewhat aware, but it wasn't until the age of five, when my mom and I had this conversation about people's names, that I was aware that I was seeing things that other people didn't see.

I was going to go next door to play, and I said, "I'm gonna go over to Mrs. Green's house."

And my mom said, "Jim, you know her name is Mrs. Hinkle."

"No," I insisted, "It's Mrs. Green."

"Jim, her name is Mrs. Hinkle. You've got to start calling people by their names and not by all these colors."

"But, Mom," I said, "She's green. She really is."

And she said, "Well, why do you call her green?"

"Because she's green. She is really green."

And my mom said, "We've got to sit down and talk."

And so we talked for quite a while. She was just so upset that I wouldn't call people by their names. That's when I began to realize that she didn't see the green, and she didn't see the the colors around people that I called them by. And it was during that day that for the really first time I saw my mother's face.

She was coming back down the hall and was talking to me as she came out of the bedroom. I looked at her, and it scared me because I saw her face. I didn't see the colors. It was like, "Oh, my God, *that's* what they see!" It was an awakening, like "Oh, wow! This is wierd!" And then I began to see other people's faces and realize that everybody's face was different – everybody's.

I still see the colors around people almost immediately. And, of course, I see their faces, too. But it was on that day that I came to the realization that I wasn't exactly like everybody else.

Chapter 4

Let's Play Sick

When I was a kid, I went to kindergarten. My mother used to take me down to Hannah Paint Store, where she and Dad worked. They would drive me up from there and we would have breakfast at Earl Able's restaurant. We would sit at the counter every morning, and I would have eggs and grits and biscuits – eggs 'n grits 'n biscuits every single day.

One of the kindergarten teachers (I used to call her Mrs. Beverly) lived out by our house, and later I started to go with her, instead of with Mom and Dad from the paint store. She would come out and pick me up at the house and we'd drive in together. Then we'd go in to have breakfast before we got to the school.

One day I was getting up out of a bed, and a lady appeared to me and said, "Jim, today let's play sick."

I said, "No! Mom would get real mad at me if I did that."

And she said, "Oh no, no. She won't get mad at you today. Today it's important. We have to play sick today. It'll be a game."

So I said, "Well, alright."

So, I played sick. I told mom I didn't feel good and I didn't want to go, and she said okay and arranged for Mrs. Hinkle next door (Mrs. Green) to take care of me that day. So I went over there and stayed at her house.

That evening, mom got home and she was all upset, and I couldn't figure out what was wrong. Then she said that Mrs. Beverly wasn't going to be picking me up any more.

I cried and asked, "Why not?" I really liked her – she was a neat old lady, who had so many stories to tell and every day it was a new story. So I was really upset that she wasn't going to be there any more.

Mom explained that she'd had an accident and she was dead –that what had happened was that on the way she had a heart attack and went off the road. She hit a telephone pole and was killed, and if I had been in the car, or anyone else had been in the car, they would have been at least severely hurt if not killed themselves.

My mother then came to me and asked me why I had played sick ('cause she knew that I was playing sick, but she'd assumed I just didn't want to go to school).

I tried to explain to her that this lady came to me and told me it was important that I play sick today, so I did.

She just looked at me in disbelief, like, "I don't understand you. I don't understand this," and just kind of let it go at that.

Later on when we were watching tv that night, I can remember my father asking her what was wrong and what was she was upset about.

And my mother said, "nothing" – that she was just glad that I had not gone to school that day. She didn't really try to explain to my father whatever it might have been that was bothering her.

I have a feeling it was the lady coming to me and her trying to understand what that was all about.

About that little voice – it was a woman's voice. I saw her many times over the years after that. But it was years and years later that I had an especially strange experience with her. I was at my friend, F. C. Watson's, home in San Antonio. We were sitting and talking on his patio when I got up to go back inside and get a Coke out of the kitchen. And there she was.

She was standing, but she was pointing her finger, and I never had seen her point like that before. Then all of a sudden I got the impression I had to sit down and just meditate, which I did. And I saw this really lost man who came up to me and said, "I'm dead. What do I do? Where do I go. What do I do?"

So I began trying to explain what death was, and that he was dead and not to worry. I tried to help him through it – to help him get into the Light – and he opened his eyes and took the hand of an angel that was there, and then they went off.

Years later I found a drawing that was done by Leonardo DaVinci that he calls, "The Angel of Death." She had come to point the way into the

other world. And I thought "Woah, this is neat! Here she is! Someone actually drew a picture for me!" I thought that was great.

Chapter 5

Simple-Minded (Sept. 55)

My family moved over to the house on Future Drive when I was about six and a half. I had already attended first grade at Woodlawn Elementary and was soon going to begin second grade at Dellview.

When it was just about time to start my first day at that school, I had an experience once again in which Jesus came to me.

And he said, "Jim, don't let them complicate your mind. God is something that is very simple. If you stay simple within yourself, God will always be right there inside you. But if you let them put a lot of complex ideas into your mind, then you will find that God will have to be complex in order for you to understand him, and you will never understand him that way. So try to maintain a simplicity so that you can know the simple God.

"You have walked with me in times past and you walk with me now. Even though we are not both together in the physical, we are still both together. If you will trust me and listen to these words and maintain your simplicity so that you may know God inside of you, I will bring to you yet another in that world that you live in today who can be as I was to you when I was in the flesh as Jesus – a teacher, a way-shower, a lover of yours."

I just listened, and as he was getting ready to leave I said, "Well, who was I that brings you to me now?"

"You were my beloved apostle, and I have come back to awaken you to that who you are so that you can again serve the Father in this world and, in doing so, bring many into the peace that they search for."

After that, I tried to always live up to the idea that he gave me: that God is simple, and that if I maintain my simplicity I would be able to always be in God and know him in me.

I had some difficulties with that as I grew up, because I remember at one point a teacher saying something about simple-minded people having to be institutionalized. And for some time I struggled with the idea that maybe I was going to have to be put away somewhere because I'm going to be simple.

And I had a hard time understanding what Jesus meant by "being simple." What did he want of me when he said, "Don't let them complicate your mind?" I didn't understand what "simple" meant, so for many years I struggled and struggled with this idea of simplicity and of finding God in simplicity.

Something else that caused confusion was that when I would go to church, the people would surround themselves with complex ideas of God, and the rituals and the traditions, and "this is right and this is wrong" – and in different religions it was different things. And I was very confused.

And then I began to see that *that's what he means! That's what he* wants me to stay away from. – the complex things that people put in their minds. And they make God complex in that way and then they separate themselves from the true *loving* God.

I continued going to school and learning from books and whatever, but the most important time of my day, and of my life each day, was spent outside walking and just praying and talking with God.

And I would listen and hear answers to my questions. I would hear loving comments coming from inside myself as well as outside myself in the radiant beings that used to come to me and talk to me as a child.

Chapter 6

Hiding, Seeking (1956)

From around the age of seven, I didn't really participate a whole lot in playing with children of my own age. I spent a great deal of time by myself, because I found more peace and happiness in walking and talking with God and the beings that would come to me than I did in participating in games with my friends.

I did play – I wasn't a recluse. I played hopscotch and baseball and the other games that the kids played, but there was really a lot of the time that I spent by myself.

I know this concerned my mother some, because once in a while she would sit down and talk with me and ask me if I had done something to make the other kids upset or if there was a reason I didn't like them and play with them.

I couldn't get her to understand that I *enjoyed* being by myself and away from all the noise so that I could be more a part of the activities inside myself.

She couldn't grasp that. She couldn't understand it, and so after a while I would just say, "No, I just want to be by myself for a while to think," because I couldn't get her to understand.

And I realized at that point that people didn't have this inside of them as I was having it, and I began to feel different and strange.

And I recognized, too, that people often didn't see the things that I saw when these teachers or beings of light would come and share with me.

One time when I was playing hide and seek with some friends and the lady appeared to me once again – the one that used to come to me all the time as a child. I used to call her "lady" or "mother," because I didn't know who else she was – she didn't give me a name until much later on.

I was hiding, and she said, "Come. It's time that we talk once again."

My friend, Dale, was the one who was seeking. He was very close to where I was hiding, but instead of running for "home" (for "safety"), I just stood up, and he came over and tagged me.

And I said, "I don't have time to play right now," and I left.

There was this startled look on his face like, "What are you doing?"

I just said, "I have to go talk to this lady."

He looked, but *he* couldn't see a lady anywhere, and it kind of bewildered him.

I just walked off, but it was at this point that I realized definitely that people did not see what I saw.

And in the conversations with my mother, it was clear to me that they did not understand them either.

Chapter 7

A Multiplicity of Lives

From the ages of six to twelve, I found myself living a multiplicity of lives, all in one little body – at times going out with other neighbor kids, running and playing, and just having a very good time... and being a true child (and playing pranks and getting into trouble).

At other times I found myself more reclusive – wanting to be alone and in a thoughtful presence of mind, rather than playful and outgoing and childlike. And I was kind of amazed that others didn't want to participate in that as well – not that I invited them to, but it seemed that nobody else really spent time by themselves, going inside and finding deeper levels of themselves. I was kind of amazed at that, but it didn't persuade me not to do it myself.

Often, after dinner, I would go back outside again and sit between the houses, and there I would just reflect and talk with God. And often I would talk with different spiritual beings, though I didn't know that they were *spiritual* beings at that time. I just thought they were other persons that would come and sit and visit with me and talk to me about God and about love. But now I can reflect back and see that they truly were spiritual personages that would come and share with me some things that I needed to hear to help my understanding of who I was and what it was I

was here to do on this planet. At that time I really had no concept at all, and I'm still just growing into it even now.

But during those years between the ages of six and twelve, I found myself often getting into these states of reflection where I would go inside of myself, really forgetting about the world around me and being kind of angry when I would have to be involved in the world, either in school or in other ways, because it just seemed a distraction to me rather than something that would be beneficial. I was much happier sitting inside of a church praying, or sitting between the houses talking with these persons and reflecting within myself, than I ever was in school listening to a teacher talk about things of this world. It just seemed to me something of a waste of time, though I had to do it so I did it.

At any rate, as these years unfolded, I began to get more involved in this world, in the sense of the pressures of having to study and get good grades.

My parents didn't really pressure me to get A's or B's necessarily. They always did say, "Do the best you can, and that way you will be satisfied with what you have done in your life. If you don't do the best that you can, you will always look back and regret many of the actions of your life."

So I would always *try* to do the best I could, though I was pretty lazy in many of my studies and didn't do as well as I know I could have. I did do well in school; I had no problems there.

Often I would find myself during a test somehow reading the mind of the teacher and getting the answers for the test, especially when it came to math and English – those were areas that I could have used some help in. And so those are areas where I would often just sit and look at the teachers, and as I would look at them, the answers would just come to me as I needed them, and I would write them down. I think it's because of that that I was able to get better grades than I might otherwise have gotten.

I remember too that the lady used to come to me all the time and talk to me about knowledge and how important knowledge *is* in order to function in this world and make it work for us, but that knowledge of the world itself is not complete knowledge – the only true knowledge that mankind can ever obtain is the *inner* knowing, and through obtaining the inner knowing, all other knowledge is really available if it is needed at any time. And so I used to search for what it was to have inner knowledge or inner knowing.

And I thought that, when I would sit in class and tune into the teacher and get the answers, that maybe that was a form of inner knowing, though now I wonder if it wasn't just telepathy and maybe not that beneficial, because I really didn't learn – I would just absorb from someone else for

the moment, get the answer, and move on. I don't know that I really retained much of that knowledge, because it really wasn't mine. It was knowledge that someone else had learned and that I was just picking up on and putting down for the moment. I wasn't really getting it from within myself because *I* had learned it.

At any rate that's how I did it, and that's how I got through school, more during the years of six to twelve than later on.

Chapter 8

Possessed of the Devil

When I was eight, my parents used to take me to the Sunday school at St. Mark's Methodist Church, where I started asking questions, because they wanted us to ask questions.

So I asked, "What is it that's beyond God?"

The Sunday school teacher said, "There *is* nothing beyond God. God is that from which all came."

"Yeah, but when I pray I can see beyond God, and I don't know what that is."

"There's nothing beyond God. You're not seeing beyond God," she said. "You're not seeing God. Nobody can see God."

"Well, then what am I seeing?"

This went on every Sunday for two or three weeks. Then finally one Sunday, my dad pulled up and, as usual, was going to let me off in the parking lot to go to my class. But the minister and the teacher were standing there, and he held my door shut.

My father asked him, "What's wrong?"

And the minister just said, "We prefer that he didn't come to Sunday school here any more."

"What? What do you mean?"

"Well, we just prefer he didn't come."

Then my dad asked, "Well, what did he do?" thinking maybe I'd done something wrong.

"Well, we think he's possessed of the devil."

My father just didn't know *what* to say – like, "How do you answer to that?" The minister then turned around and left, and that was it. That really disturbed me.

My father never talked to me about it. He didn't know what to do with it – any of it.

Chapter 9

Through the Looking Glass

From the age of eight until we moved when I'd just turned fourteen, I used to walk up to St. Gregory's Catholic Church all the time. It was near my elementary school, and I used to walk and pray between the houses. I really didn't give much time to other things.

I used to write everything down that I got about God on little pieces of paper. I used to write down prayers, and I used to ask God, "Please help me today in school. I need your help. I'm not that smart" – things like that. I saved them all. I had them all up until I was about nineteen or twenty, and then I thought, "What do I need to save these for?" Now I think I should have kept them. I do still have a few left.

When I got to St. Gregory's, I didn't want to go inside, because I didn't know if I was allowed, so I stood outside and prayed. I used to sit on the grassy area and look inside the big glass windows and pray. I would come out almost every evening until I had to go home.

The Irish priest used to come and sit and talk to me, and one day he said, "You're not Catholic, are you?"

"No, not really," I answered (I was kind of nervous). "Is it alright that I'm here?"

"Sure. Everybody's welcome. And you can go *inside* and pray if you want."

"You don't mind if non-Catholics go in?"

"No," he said, "Come on."

So I went in and sat inside with him.

After that I used to go in regularly, and we would talk. I tried to share with him some of my experiences, and he could relate to it only because he had heard other priests and brothers talk about *their* experiences. Until then, I really didn't know that others really *had* experiences like I did, so this was helpful to me.

Then there was one day he came and said, "*I* need to talk, so how about letting me talk and you just listen this time?"

"Okay."

He said he'd been nominated to be monseigneur, and he didn't know if he wanted to do that because it meant more power and authority. He'd also become eligible to be in the office with the bishop and so on later on, and he just didn't know if he really wanted to move up in rank like that.

So we talked for a while, and I asked him, "Well, how come you're a priest?"

"Because I love God," he replied, "And I felt that God called me to do this work."

"Well, can you serve God better as a monseigneur? Does it give you more of an opportunity to be of service?"

"Well, it might," he answered.

"Well, do you think that He's offering this to you, or did you create it for yourself?"

And he said, "Well, no, it was offered to me."

So I said, "Well, then I think that if it's an offer then you ought to look at it that way. You're not making it happen." And he became monseigneur.

Part II

A STRANGE EDUCATION

Chapter 10

The Many Homes of Mary 1958

One day when I was nine, I was out playing tag with some friends. I was in the process of running, and I slipped and fell against the metal post of a swing set that was concreted into the ground. I crushed the right side of my skull in, in the forehead area.

I got home and went unconscious for some time after that. When I did wake up, my mother was there, the doctor was there, and I had this huge, huge goose egg on my head and a terrible, terrible headache and felt really *bad*.

During the time that I was out, the lady introduced herself to me as Mary, who had been the mother of Jesus. She took me into different places. At that time, I didn't know about different levels or realms or mansions or whatever, and I just called them "the different homes of Mary," because to me they were just like different homes, different residences of the different people she was introducing me to. Even though they really weren't buildings and homes as you would know homes to be here, it just seemed to me that they *were* homes or places where the different people resided, so that's what I called them – the different homes of Mary.

Later on, I used to ask her, "Could you take me to the different homes?" and she would take me, so I figured that's what they were called. At least it worked, so that's what I continued to call them.

For a number of hours, I was out of my body with her and experiencing on many different levels, and I was truly beginning to see what the abundance of God really is. I began to see glorious sights that I hadn't seen until then – sights of great lights and scenery that are beyond description, landscapes that were so beautiful that there was no way you could paint them or describe them with words. They just had to be experienced, and really it *was* more of an experience. It wasn't just seeing it, because it was like you were a part of it – a part of the trees and the sunlight. The whole thing was just so much more real than this is here.

She would take me to these different places where the people I used to talk with between the houses "lived." Instead of them coming to me, I was going to them for the first time. And we walked and talked with many of them in their "homes," and they began introducing me to different ideas about growth and maturity: what it was to be a mature soul upon this planet, rather than just a wanderer who walks aimlessly from place to place, not knowing where they're going and never really arriving at a predetermined place in their life because they really have not set down for themselves a goal to accomplish.

And when I came back, there was a strong desire within me to set a goal in *my* life. But it wasn't a goal I could set for myself as something in *this* world to accomplish, and one day look back and say, "I've done it." It was more a desire to set a *spiritual* goal within me – to really let God penetrate every atom of my being and for me to know Him in every atom of all Creation, and then to go beyond that and to know Him in all that is Him.

It is very hard to describe what it was I came back with and what kind of goal I had set for myself, because it wasn't set by me in words. It was something I came back with the desire *to do*, and that was to know God – to be aware of Him in all things, in all ways, and to live in His loving, and then to share that loving with others.

From that time at the age of nine until I was eighteen, I suffered severely with migraine headaches because of the blow to my head. I often missed school because of it – at least once a week when the migraines were so bad I couldn't really function. And it really wasn't unusual for me to miss *three* or even four times a week because of the severity of the pain. It would just put me into bed and I would be unable to function at all.

During the time that I had these headaches, I would lie down and become quiet, and I found that I could not lie on my left side any more because the headaches would get worse. But if I lay on my *right* side in a certain position, I could control the pain with my thoughts, and I could

move beyond the pain to such an extent that I could begin to move outside of my own body.

This is really how I began to experience more on other levels of myself and other levels of reality: by lying on my right side in a certain position and focusing my attention in such a way that I could rise above the pain, I also rose above my body. Then Mary would come to me, take my hand, and we would go off on another journey into higher regions. Some of these I remember very clearly, and some are just vague memories.

I remember that people around me didn't seem to have the clarity within their eyes that I saw in those of higher regions. I often wondered about that – why the people here on this planet didn't seem to have that clarity, that light inside, coming forth. I would often ask Mary if she could explain that to me, and she just said, "They do not have the knowing." And that was all she said.

I didn't understand at that time exactly what she meant, though I thought maybe I did, or at least I played the game of, "Oh, yes, I see what you mean." But deep down inside, I really *didn't* understand what it was she was trying to say to me.

When I came back to my physical body, I would sit and ponder the things that were said to me in "the many houses." And often I found that they were not really giving me total answers. Rather, they were giving me something to dwell upon so that I could find the answers for myself. And once I thought I *had* the answers, I could go back inside myself and have the people come to me again so I could share with them what I thought they were trying to lead me toward. If I still didn't have the full understanding, then they would share with me further.

But when I *finally* got it, they would say to me, "Yes, that's it. Hold that in your memory that you might draw upon it for yourself and for others."

That I didn't understand either at first, but I tried to retain it.

Chapter 11

Beyond and the Bookshelf

There was a man who used to come to me, who I called, "Beyond." I called him that because he used to take me beyond this world, sometimes to a beautiful lake that looked back *into* this world, which was very strange because the world seemed to be floating in this lake.

One time I remember asking Beyond, "What does it mean to 'store this in my memory,' and what am I supposed to do with it later on?"

He began to share with me that I learned through seeing and that I was, in a sense, visionary, though I don't think he used that word. And so, he explained, he would try to teach me through a *vision*. Suddenly, before my eyes appeared this bookcase. It wasn't really physical.

Beyond got up and walk over to it, and he took a book down from the bookcase and said, "See? See this book. Look at the title."

And the title read, *There Is A Kingdom to Inner Man*, and I thought, "Well, that's interesting."

And he said, "This is the place where I store *my* knowing, and whenever I need anything in the way of understanding, all I have to do is reach up and take a book off the shelf, and I have the knowing of the book. In other words, store all material somewhere inside your consciousness – this is a lesson that I learned. Be aware of where you place that knowledge. That knowledge can be either of this world and the things of

it, or it can be of other worlds that you might visit that you might wish to draw upon, into your awareness, later on in life."

From this I learned that, when I don't understand something that happens to me, or I can't accept what I've been shown at that time, I can just put that knowledge on a bookshelf somewhere inside my consciousness, and not toss it aside as junk and forget it. In that way, later on in life, if and when I need that knowledge, all I have to do is draw upon it. All I need to do is to go within myself, find that place where I stored that knowledge, and make it my own once again.

And I started doing that, and I do have my bookshelf with certain places of knowledge on the shelves – certain bits and pieces of knowledge and experiences. And Beyond was right – you can really draw upon them when you need them.

Chapter 12

A Great Inspiration 1959

Often Mary would come and take me to a place that was very reverent and very inspiring for me spiritually. Other people came to me and would take me to other places that were not so inspiring spiritually as they were in other ways, perhaps mentally or emotionally. But this place was very inspiring *spiritually*.

It was at the foot of this great, great mountain, and Mary would show me this mountain and share with me that, "This is the residence of God in your consciousness. You have begun the process once again of climbing this great mountain back to God. All you have to do is take it step by step each day – coming to this place within yourself and taking a few steps further upon the path that you have begun to walk until one day you will reach the top of this mountain. In reaching the top of the mountain, you will know the God inside of you once again."

Now I see that as somewhat spiritual, symbolic in its meaning, but yet as very real in the sense that I would go there and I would walk that mountain path each day. And the mountain path was very well-walked. It had been walked on before. It was not a path that I was holding out for myself, making it my path for the first time, but rather it was a path that had been walked on by myself or by others at other times, and I was just walking it as it had been walked before.

I don't recall seeing many people on that mountain or on that path going up to the top. I do recollect seeing one or two, though the memories of those events are not that clear.

But Mary would come and take me, and we would go to the foot of the mountain. We would sit in this little lodge-like building, and we would talk for a while, and we look out a window at this beautiful scenery and the trees and the sky. And the colors were just vibrant. They were alive – unbelievably alive.

We would sit there, and we would talk, and she would share with me in almost a poetic way about *her* love for God, as though she was trying to inspire me so that, in that inspiration, I would rise up inside myself and have the desire to go ahead and climb this pathway to the top.

I did not share this with anyone, because when I did try to share these things, I found that people looked at me as though I was crazy. *My mother* didn't look at me so much as I was crazy, but rather she looked at me with question and wonder, and maybe with a look of, "I wonder if he's not all there." But there was also the love present with that thought, so it didn't seem so intense. But I did have some friends that really thought I was crazy, so I did try to quiet that down as much as I could and not share it with others because of the judgments I received when I did open my mouth and share what I experienced.

One thing that I remember very clearly happened one day when I was about ten. Mom, Dad, and I went out for a ride, and I always sat in the back seat. It was a Sunday. We were out for a drive in the country to see the bluebonnets or whatever it might have been at that time. And we would always leave early in the morning on Sunday, go for a long drive, have lunch somewhere, like in Fredericksburg or Kerrville, and then drive a different route back home to San Antonio and just look at the landscape.

And it was funny because I remember thinking, "I wonder if this is what people do because they can't get outside of themselves and go to these mountains that I go to. Is this somehow an outer way of searching for that inner pathway that I walk?"

I once tried to share that with my mother, and she couldn't understand. And I realized once again that some of these things I just can't share with people; either I don't have the clarity of understanding that would let me communicate what I was seeing, or it just wasn't something that other people needed to know about.

At any rate, one time we were out for a drive on a Sunday. As we were driving along, Mary came to me with that beautiful, beautiful woman I have always associated with passing over from this existence into higher regions. They sat down next to me, and the other lady said, "Your grandfather has died. He has come over to live with *us* once again. Tell your mother to pray for him and to forgive him for anything that he ever did that might have hurt her, that he loves her, and that he wants her to

know that, and that he's fine now and not to worry, and also for you, Jim, to pray for him – to say a little prayer that his soul might reach the *highest* heaven that he can obtain at this time." And with that they were gone.

So I began my prayer and I prayed for a few minutes asking that my grandfather might be able to go into the highest heaven that he can obtain at this time, and that Jesus and the angels that I had seen throughout my inner experiences and some of my outer ones might come down and walk with him upon that path, and at one point, all of a sudden, I knew that as I said it, it was so, and I finished my prayer. I didn't seem to have to go on any further.

After I finished saying my prayer, I told my mother, "Mom, Grandpa is dead. He died and he's gone to heaven."

And my mother turned around and looked at me, and I saw my father look in the rearview mirror at me like "What?"

And my Mom says, "What did you say?"

"Grandpa just died, but he wants you to know that he's happy and that he's okay, and that if you could forgive him for those things he would be really happy." I tried to explain it the best I could. It just seemed the right thing to do because I was told to tell her that.

Mom and Dad looked at each other like, "Another one of his imagination stories again."

That's something I always heard about, too – how active my imagination was, and how I would let my imaginings be more real than my life. "You have to be careful with that," they'd said.

Now they just looked at each other with a kind of "um hm," and we went on with our drive. Nothing else was said about it.

We got home, and about two hours later that evening the phone rang. My mother answered the phone, and it was my Grandmother Rose in California calling to say that Grandpa Ray had died – he had died earlier that afternoon of a heart attack at home, and he had gone very quickly.

My mother started to cry, and my father came over and asked her what was wrong, and she said that Grandpa had died.

And I said, "I know. I *told* you that."

It was like an instant remembrance in her consciousness of, "Yes, you had!" and she stopped crying for a moment. Then she looked at me and said, "Jim, how did you *know* that?"

I tried to explain it to her but then she started crying again. My father had taken the phone and was talking to my grandmother about the funeral arrangements.

When he got off the phone, he bent down and was comforting my mother when he looked over to me and said, "Jim, I don't understand you, but I'll try not to doubt you again."

And that really, really meant something to me. Now I could share with them, and even if they couldn't understand it, they wouldn't totally doubt me, not believe me, or question what I was saying – now they would listen and at least take some of it to heart.

But as the months went by, I found again that they entered their old consciousness of, "Well, that's just your imagining," and so on, and it was like they had forgotten totally about the incident with Grandpa.

But that was fine. I was satisfied within myself, because I had had something of a positive referencing for this inner experience now. It was more real to me now than ever before because of that moment.

Chapter 13

Practicing My Knots 1956-7

I was around seven or eight years old, when Mary began to teach me a prayer – really a process of prayers. And it was during this time period that the different people that would come to me would teach me how to take something and recite it in repetition, repetition, repetition... and that through that I would enter into what it is I was reciting and become more at one with that which I was saying inwardly or outwardly. "The prayer of repetition" is what I called it, because that's how it was presented to me.

Later on, as I began to investigate the Catholic church, around fourteen or fifteen, I learned that it was the rosary that she had taught me. Even though the words were somewhat different, many of the prayers were very similar. And I was amazed, really amazed.

I had taken a cord, like a heavy piece of nylon rope or string, and tied knots in it so that I could count my repetitions. I had it hanging over the headboard of my bed.

My mother used to ask me once in a while, "What is this cord for?" when she would make my bed or come in to change it or whatever.

I told her it was for practicing my knots for cub scouts, and she just said sort of uncertainly, "Okay."

After a while she began to question me, "Well, there are no new knots in it, and you're not doing anything different with it. Why is it just hanging here?"

So I remember at one point I began to hide it, so that I wouldn't get these questions all the time, because I was leery of sharing the reasons why.

But I would sit in bed at night, and I would just recite these prayers of repetition that Mary had taught me and count them on the cord, and when I reached the end of my cord, I knew that I had reached the end of my repetitions.

And I found that, after a while, I would just enter into the meaning of the words. It was very strange – I would "ride between the words to the meaning." That's the only way I could describe it. I would ride between the words into the meaning of them. It was really an amazing process to do.

Then Beyond and a couple of others began to teach me how to use prayers of repetitions to control certain energy patterns of this world. I know this may sound strange, but as a child, if I would recite a certain phrase a certain way over a certain amount of time, in a certain pattern, I could bring about rain. At first I didn't believe it when they told me how to do this, but I tried it anyway, and it did rain about 30 to 45 minutes later, when it wasn't even *looking* like rain before that.

I often put it to the test, and I would say 80 to 85 per cent of the time it worked. If it didn't, I think it was only because I didn't put enough concentrated effort into it. I didn't really pay attention to what it was I was doing, and that that's why it didn't work. It wasn't because it wasn't real.

I also learned from that experience not to misuse or abuse it. For a while, it was like a game with me, and it was kind of fun to do and to watch and see what would happen with the weather. But then I remember Beyond telling me, "Now that you know how to do this, and now that you've experienced it enough to know that it does work, don't abuse it. Don't misuse it. Just be aware that you can control physical energies if you want to. But also be aware that when you manipulate the laws of the physical, you are also responsible for them – for that manipulation. Just as God is responsible for His creation and all that takes place within it, you are responsible for your creation. So be aware of your responsibilities, and be aware of that which you create, and allow things to flow in their own natural patterns, rather than you trying to make them something that maybe they are not."

So I learned very quickly from that to, in a sense, "go with the flow," to go with things as they move, rather than trying to force or manipulate them to happen my way. And I learned to be aware that Nature has its life cycles, just as we, mankind, have our life cycles and our soul has its life cycles.

This was really a great lesson that I learned at that time: to allow things to flow in their own cycles, rather than trying to manipulate or force something that maybe isn't meant to happen in that particular moment.

Chapter 15

Among the Dead

During this time I began to have a lot of dental problems because of the head injury that had caused an alignment of my temple and my jaw to go way out, and contributed a great deal to the headaches. And it also led to a lot of problems with my teeth as they were coming in.

And I can remember having to go to the dentist, and at one point he recommended that I have a couple of teeth pulled because of the way they had come in and the alignment. And when I went to the oral surgeon, I was given gas to put me under so they could pull my teeth.

As they did, I remember leaving my body and going into a really low, dark, gloomy area that I had not really been in or experienced before. It was an area that was very dark and very, very depressing.

I was rising up through this tunnel – it was almost like a well, and along the sides of this well. It was huge, really huge, and all along the sides of this well or tunnel were these souls lined up kind of like looking out a window almost at me wanting to either get at me or yelling at me, and it was very frightening to see.

And I remember at that time calling on Jesus. I said "Lord, *please* send your son. I need his help."

And just at that moment as I called out, I saw him way up in front of me at the end of the tunnel, and I just began to look at him rather than at the sides of these walls because it was very, very frightening.

And as I rose up toward him, he reached out his hands and took mine and sort of like pulled me on into the light that I was familiar with, that area that I was very comfortable and at home with.

And Mary was there and a few others were there, and we sat down and I asked them what this place was that I had been through.

And they said, "Those are the regions that many might call 'hell.' These are souls that are asleep. They are the walking dead. They do not know anything else but that of the world – the desires, the angers, the hatreds, and they cannot let go of it, and therefore they live in this darkness in the soul regions that they lived in while they were in the physical. They have limited their vision. They have limited themselves, and therefore they are limited as to where they can go in these higher regions."

And that was pretty much it as far as an explanation, and so I thought that I had really walked through, or flown through, hell in some way. And I can remember having to come back right through that same tunnel – coming back to my body and seeing all these people once again lined up around me, but this time as I went back it was as though white light was around me. A stream of white light travelled before and behind me and kind of paved the way so that it wasn't so jarring and disturbing to me.

I have been through that region some since, but I try not to go there very often because it is a very dark, depressing place, full of very sad souls, very angry and pathetic souls.

And as I rose up toward him, he reached out his hands and took mine and sort of like pulled me on into the light that I was familiar with, that area that I was very comfortable and at home with.

And Mary was there and a few others were there, and we sat down and I asked them what this place was that I had been through.

And they said, "Those are the regions that many might call 'hell.' These are souls that are asleep. They are the walking dead. They do not know anything else but that of the world – the desires, the angers, the hatreds, and they cannot let go of it, and therefore they live in this darkness in the soul regions that they lived in while they were in the physical. They have limited their vision. They have limited themselves, and therefore they are limited as to where they can go in these higher regions."

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Chapter 15

School of the Stars

When I was between the age of five and six, a man came to me in what I would really have to term "a light body." He was one of the few that really showed me his radiance at that time. The others always appeared more physical. The light would be there. The light would be brilliant, but it was as though they were trying to bring it down to a level where I could relate to them more as people, rather than as something separate from humankind.

But this one individual would always appear to me in his full radiance. It was tremendous. And he was the one who used to take me to one of the Universities of Melchizedek, as I later learned they were called.

At that time I called it "the school of the stars" because of two reasons. One, when we would go there, we would travel through many regions of light, and it seemed like we went forever and ever up through the "sky," as I used to think of it then. As a matter of fact, I used to talk about seeing people walking in the skies, and I used to call them "the skywalkers."

As we would travel up into the sky and through these many regions, we would finally come to this one place where there was a school. The school had three circles, and in those three circles were buildings that were shaped like the star of David, which is the second reason I called it "the school of the stars."

At any rate, I used to travel with this one individual, this radiant being whom I never knew the name of (and I still don't). We would go up into

this high region where I would attend classes. And I wasn't too thrilled about having to go at night to yet another place to go to school, because I had just started going to school in the physical and was having to learn how to do homework and all of that, and here then at night they were taking me out of body to this other school that I had to attend. For a while, I think I was a little bit rebellious about having to go to school all the time, morning, noon, and night, so they tried to make it as much fun as they could and still teach me things.

I can remember that they gave me my own apartment where I could be alone if I wanted some quiet time. And they began giving me classes in art, which I enjoyed. I remember standing out on the balcony with my easel and paints, painting things that I had seen in the other regions on the way up there, or what I was seeing right here – the fountains, buildings, or landscapes around me. Soon I *wanted* to be there to participate in things that were fun and enjoyable for me.

As it would progress, I would walk with my teacher through the classroom areas, and we would listen as we walked through the halls. One time we stopped so *he* could listen to something just to see what he thought about what was being said. And I found it very interesting because they were talking about how people could learn to fly into higher regions than this one and see yet greater sights and begin to glimpse the pathway that led out of this universe into another which was more of the spiritual universe.

And I remember asking the teacher if there were more universes besides this one, and he said, "Yes there are. There are hundreds and hundreds of universes besides this one that the earth is in."

He explained that the universe that the teacher was talking about in that classroom was not the physical universe that I was talking about. He was talking about regions of spirit beyond all of that, and that there are ways to travel up to a place where you can begin to glimpse the pathway from this physical universe, or *all* physical universes, I might say, to the spiritual universe.

And I found that interesting, so I asked if we could go in and sit down and listen. We did, but I realized that they were really talking more about things that I didn't understand and using some terminologies that were way beyond me, so I asked him, "Can I go to a class that I would be more able to understand and appreciate?"

I surprised myself – all of a sudden I was asking to go to a class rather than getting upset because they wanted me to go.

So, for the first time, he took me, very joyfully, to this classroom where there were twelve students, and I seemed to be the youngest. The next in line, as far as physical age, was a young man that seemed to be about 16 or 17 years old, and the others seemed to be in their thirties, forties, and so on.

The man who brought me in went up and began to share a little bit about where I had come from. As he began to talk about earth and what that planet was like, all of a sudden I realized, "These people aren't from where I come from. What happened here? Where are these people from if not from earth?"

And then I remembered how he had said that there were other universes besides the one that I had come from, which was earth, and that there were regions above and regions below.

Of the twelve students, there was only one other individual who had been on earth besides me, and she knew what he was talking about, but the others had not experienced this planet yet and had hopes of doing so in their future development.

So I listened as he began to talk to them about my planet, earth, and then he said, "In time, it would be appreciated if each of you would share a little about where it is you are from so that he [meaning me] would know as well."

I gathered from that that they had already been holding class for a while, because it seemed as though they each knew each other, where I was just coming in fresh.

I felt a little awkward at first, but they made me feel very welcome. And they had a lot of questions, but I really didn't have a lot of answers. I was only five or six years old, and I really didn't have that much conscious awareness of this place at that time, so I really couldn't share a whole lot of my personal experiences or understanding. So the woman, the only other student who had been to earth, spoke.

She was a very pleasant woman, who seemed to be in her forties. She had been Irish in her last life on earth and was holding that image here at the university. Since she had lived much longer than I had yet, at least in this six-year old body, she was able to share a lot more with them than I could.

She had been here in the late 1800's to the early 1900's, so I wasn't really familiar with the historical things she shared. But some things she talked about, such as emotions and thought patterns, I could relate to, because I had "been there" myself, even though I couldn't really explain it the way she did.

I attended classes there for many years. It wasn't every night – maybe two to three times a week. Sometimes it would be more intense, other times it wouldn't be near that much. It just depended.

And I would hear about healing, and about auras, and about chakras, and about color therapy... and a lot of different things that wouldn't make any sense because they don't really relate to this physical world. Much of what was taught there relates more to the awakening of the knowing part of

us rather than the intellectual part. And that's often what they were trying to do at this level at this university – to help an individual understand the difference between the mind and the knower.

Some of the classes were aimed more at the mind and giving an intellectual perception of things so people would have an understanding of things. Other classes at other times, though, would be more involved with learning at a different level – becoming more the knower or experiencing in the knowing of oneself, rather than intellectual pursuits. And that part, the experience of the knower, is something that I really can't share in words. We each have to experience it for ourselves. It is beyond words. It just is, and you have to experience it to know it. It isn't intellectualism; it is *knowing*.

So I used to go to this university quite often, and I gained a lot of experience there. And at the age of fourteen, the teacher asked me to get up and share with the group some of my experiences and knowing, which I did. It was at that point that I began to be both a student and a sharer.

I wasn't a teacher. They had teachers, to be sure, and they always played the role pretty much as teacher to student. But there were also those who seemed to be utilized a great deal in the classrooms that were called the sharers, those that had a gift for imparting a knowledge to others so that they might have understanding of what was being shared. Sometimes it was knowledge of the knowing and sometimes it was knowledge of the mind – it just depended what the class was about.

Chapter 17

Bus Stop

It was in high school, at the corner where my house was, that there was a bus stop on Springwood and Jones-Maltzberger. For my 10th, 11th, and 12th grades, that's where they picked us up every day, and anywhere from nine to fifteen people would be at the bus stop to catch it.

I was in the 11th grade, and we were standing out at the bus stop one day. It was a Monday morning, and all of a sudden just out of my mouth came, "In two weeks, one of us will be dead."

It's the only time in my life that I ever, literally, could *see* the words coming out of my mouth, like written, typed out words. And I just wanted to stuff 'em back in, like, "No, no, don't hear these."

And I can remember trying to do that – that sensation of stuffing them. And everybody looked at me like, "What? What are you talking about?"

And I said, "No, no, never mind." But they heard it.

So, for every day that we stood there, everybody would joke, "Okay. Well, we all made it today; looks like nobody's dead."

Well, a week went by, and then that Sunday it was this guy's birthday, and he had gotten a motorcycle. And so that *Monday*, he drove by while we were standing there. He waved, and off he went. And nothing was ever said about "we all made it" and everything. We had just kind of forgotten it.

Then the bus came and picked us up. As we drove on at Oblate and San Pedro, there had been an accident there, and he was killed on his motorcycle – exactly two weeks to the day from when I had said it.

And nobody for the rest of the year would stand there at that bus stop. Even though a number of them lived within two or three houses, they walked two blocks down to the next bus stop every day and wouldn't stand there with me. They were afraid of me, and that was tough.

Earlier on, back in junior high school and into high school, I used to have experiences all the time at that same corner of Oblate and San Pedro. Right at that corner, I would have visions and I would know major events that were going to take place in the world – an earthquake, a plane crash, or whatever. I used to see them reflected on the windows, and so I would always try to look away from the windows as we drove by. But after a while, they (the visions) would just come no matter what – whether I was looking at the windows or not.

I don't know what it was about that corner. I was younger at that time, and I got so mad at spirit, or whoever this was that was doing it, and I just kept trying to shut it off. It was a real struggle – I had a hard, hard time with that.

I was about 13 or 14 then, and I didn't get any real help at all till I was 18 and met Cash Bateman for the first time. They (whoever "they" were) just kept bringing me information and teaching things to me, and they *tried* to help me, but I didn't get it. I needed a physical teacher to get it across, and that was still a few years off.

Chapter 19

The Onion Creek Exit

In November, 1980, Mom and Dad were still living in San Antonio. I had just gotten back from a conference in South Africa, and I drove down from Austin to see how they were doing. Mom's health had been deteriorating and she didn't look very good. So I kept going back every week-end in December and stayed there with them from Christmas to New Year's.

By New Year's eve, she'd just gotten to the point where I knew that Dad couldn't take care of her anymore. So I arranged for her to go into the hospital on New Year's eve, and then I left New Year's day to come back to Austin to get ready to go to work on the 2nd. Early that morning, on the 2nd, I got a phone call about 5 o'clock, and it was the hospital saying that I better get on down to San Antonio to the hospital because Mom wasn't looking very good.

As I was driving down the interstate, just at the Onion Creek exit, Jesus appeared with the Traveler Consciousness, who came forward as the Apostle John. And John said, "Your mother just died."

I kind of cried for a little bit, and then said, "Are you sure?"

And they said, "Yes. That's why we're here – to let you know and to comfort you in this time." And then Jesus said, "Is there anything you want us to do?"

I asked him to go and to take her hand and to assist her in any way that he could.

So he left, and then John and I talked for a while. A few minutes later, Jesus came back with my mother. And my mother then sat down in the passenger seat, and for about 45 minutes from when she got here until we got to San Antonio, we just sat and talked. And we talked about her life and my life, and where things were going, and why things happened the way they did, and her regrets, and things that she didn't feel like she got done that she wished she had. We talked about all kinds of stuff.

And just as we got near the city limits of San Antonio, she said, "Well, I don't have to go back there any more."

I wasn't sure what she meant, so I asked her, "What do you mean?"

"I don't have to go back in that city any more. I'm done with it. It's time for me to leave, and I'm going to go on."

Then Jesus and John stepped forward, and Jesus took her hand and she got up. They were walking away, but then she turned back around and came over to me and said, "Now look, at the funeral I don't want you to cry."

And I said, "Well, Mom, that's kind of hard to ask."

"Look, you know I'm happy," she said, "And you know where I'm at and everything's fine with me. So why can't you be happy for me, and why can't you smile at my funeral so that people know that you know that I'm happy?"

"Well, Mom, I'll try," I told her.

"No. You *do* it!" She was really firm about it. And that was the last thing she said. She turned around and walked off, and that was it.

It was difficult in the beginning – for the first couple of days trying to smile at the funeral home. But after a while I really sensed her joy, and so it was easy on the funeral day to do as she'd asked.

And people kind of looked at me – my brother came over and said, "Are you doing alright? Are you really taking this okay?"

I said, "Yeah." I had tried to explain it to him, but he just didn't understand it.

My mother, when she was alive, was inquisitive and searching but she wasn't what you would call spiritually aware. When I was a kid, she never understood my perceptions – not till after she died. I only once ever had a communication with her again – just letting me know where she was and that she was happy.

Chapter 23

Bloody Mary

In October, 1986, I was on my way to Kalamazoo, Michigan. I had taken a Piedmont flight and was in Dayton, Ohio, waiting for a connection. It was very early morning and the in-coming flight was delayed on account of a big snowstorm. So I was walking around the airport waiting for it.

So I'm walking past the bar (and it's open, but it's very early in the morning), and all of a sudden I get this voice inside going, "Gosh, wouldn't a bloody Mary taste good right now!"

And I go, "Oh, that's interesting. I never thought of it – a bloody Mary at 8:30 in the morning."

And then I heard, "Yeah, it really would be a good idea to have a bloody Mary right now."

I thought, "That's not my thought!"

I looked over and there's this man on the other side in spirit, and he's trying to get me to come in and have a bloody Mary, 'cause he wants me to get drunk so he can feel it. And I go, "Wait a minute. I know what this is all about. I don't do this." And so I thought, "This is going to be interesting..."

So I stand there and I watch him. I see people going by, and he's reaching out through their bodies trying to get them to come on in. And he's going, "Bloody Mary, let's have a bloody Mary." It's so funny to watch him.

Finally, these two businessmen are walking by, and all of a sudden this one guy turns and goes, "Hey, let's go in and have a bloody Mary or something."

And they went on in, and this astral guy just kind of bounced right in behind them saying, "Oh, boy! I got 'em. I got 'em!" And he was just ecstatic because he was going to vicariously experience the alcohol through them.